Jazz the Succubus: Five Spanks at Freddy's
Jazz the Succubus Spanking Stories: Part 5
By Spidersans and Yu May

It was six o'clock in the morning in the Ring of Lust, home to all succubi in general, and home to Jazz and Ruby in particular. In the time since Jazz's disastrous attempt to become a professional babysitter, they had finally managed to move into their new studio apartment, and afford a bed frame for their well-loved and well-loved-upon mattress. Jazz was awake, but since Ruby was still snoozing gently against her bare breasts, Jazz decided to scroll on her phone to pass the time, stroking Ruby's head softly with her free left hand.

Jazz pouted as she scrolled endlessly through a series of dull videos. "Man, nothing good on Voxtube…"

Then she accidentally tapped a video with her thumb, and an ad started to play. Jazz rushed to mute her phone, before she remembered she had ear buds. *"Agh! I hate ads so much. And they keep getting longer. There better be a skip button,"* she thought.

But to her surprise, she recognized the face on the ad: her #1 favorite boss, Asmodeus, AKA "Ozzy," the Lord of Lust. Her eyes wide, Jazz turned up the volume to listen to Asmodeus's deep, silky voice.

"Well, well, boys and girls. It's almost that special time of year: Sinsmas! Want to give your special someone a gift? One they will never forget? Well, why not give them the gift of…yourself! Cuz, if you ask me, there's no better gift than the gift of sweet, consensual, mutual lust. Just imagine how sexy you'll look in our special, brand new line of lingerie…with a sexy Sinsmas theme, perfect for this holiday season! But don't take my word for it. Just ask everyone's favorite succubus: Veronika Mayday."

Veronika appeared from behind a red curtain, wearing a set of negligible night-time attire that consisted of microscopic amounts of soft cotton, decorated by tinsel and ribbons. Veronika smiled softly at the camera as she strutted toward the camera, before she turned gracefully.

"That's right, handsome. This new line of lingerie is just perfect for you, or your significant other. But supplies are very limited, so order now…that is, if you truly want to love your lover!" Verokika blew a kiss to the screen.

Jazz gasped, before she stifled a scream, glancing down at Ruby's slumbering face against her bosom. "Oooh! I really love to love Ruby. That present sounds perfect…Like, it's only November, but December feels like it's just around the corner already! Got to get into the Sinsmas spirit…"

Her eyes wide, Jazz navigated to the landing page to buy the magical underwear. But just as she tapped the button to buy a pair, a pop up appeared. It depicted the underworld's most

famous jester, Fizzarolli the clown, holding a little sign in his hand. “Sorry, we’re all out! If you were too slow to get it…”

Then, the animated GIF of Fizzaroli spun his sign around. “...Well, sucks to be you!"

Jazz swelled her chest with fury, before calming herself down with a huff. “Ooooh! It's okay, Jazz…it's okay! Let's try M-bay!”

If you needed to buy—well, anything that money can buy, really—Mammon, the Lord of Greed, was sure to have you covered, and M-bay acted as his personal online retail platform for used goods.

After searching, Jazz was pleased to discover that there were already listings for sets of the limited run Sinsmas lingerie…except that all the scalpers were charging upwards of a thousand dollars per square inch of fabric. That was a whole two thousand dollars!

Jazz dropped her phone onto her face. After scrambling to pick her phone up, Jazz groaned, resisting the urge to think out loud and accidentally wake Ruby up again. “Are you kidding me? I can't afford that…but they look so cute. And I really want it for me. And another one for Ruby. Allright, think, Jazz. You have the whole day ahead of you. You just need to think of a plan."

Ruby’s eyes fluttered open, and she yawned, giving Jazz’s breast a little smooch. “Is everything okay, hon? You’re staring at that phone…like it’s about to bite you.”

Jazz squeaked with delight as Ruby gave her a playful nip on her nipple. Ruby always knew how to do it just enough to not hurt. “Eek! It’s nothing! Don't worry about it, Rubes, I'm fine."

Ruby pursed her lips, then switched to Jazz’s other breast. “Okay, if you say so.”

After having a little fun, Jazz and Ruby got up and set to household chores. They still had to work the 9-5, but weekends were set aside for their hobby work. Ruby had taken up arts and crafts, while Jazz had been questing for the perfect side hustle.

As a lightbulb flashed above her head, Jazz took a cheeky selfie of her ass and texted it to Princess Stella. "Hey, your Majesty, if you’re feeling stressed, my booty is ready to meet your hand." Jazz punctuated her message with a peach emoji.

Jazz grinned as she saw Princess Stella reply with a red heart emoji, followed by a text. “That’s a very nice ass, Jazz. But I've been called to Lucifer’s court. I’ll be busy for the next two months...We’ll talk about your *outrageous* cheekiness when next I summon you."

Jazz groaned. Having Princess Stella as her sugar mommy had helped them finally climb out of their insurmountable credit card debt, but Jazz usually only got a “spank a booty call” once a month.

Then there had been the disastrous babysitting gig. Little Dip and Drop Fichtkaern's behavior had improved somewhat since their mother had decided to finally start spanking them, mostly just as punishment for committing assault and battery on Jazz. But unfortunately, Mrs. Fichtkaern was just as fond of spanking Jazz. After all, what was good for the goose was good for the gander.

There had only been one small consolation from the whole babysitting debacle: Jazz and Ruby had gotten to meet Mrs. Mayberry and Martha, and enjoy a friendly four-way spanking session.

But if Jazz ever wanted to afford two sets of that lingere before Sinsmas, she'd have to go back to job hunting.

Jazz ended up spending most of the day fiddling on her screen, sorting through a sea of job listings. Jazz felt more depressed the more she saw the Hellish state of Hell's economy. Most of the entry level jobs she found started at minimum wage, or lower. Fast food, janitor work. Jazz checked out a listing called, "Want to be a sexy housemaid?" and almost gagged when she saw the absurd list of unsexy job requirements, for an unsexy paycheck.

She even found a job listing for a Professional Assassin. "Wanted: Someone bad-ass enough to hang with the sexiest gat-danged crew of assassins in the Nine Circles: The Immediate Murder Professionals. Starting wages: [don't forget to ask Moxie what we pay scrubs before posting this]. Near certainty of death! Small chance of success! What are you waiting for? Help me murder only people who deserve it! Email Blitzo at [don't forget to look up your email before posting this]!"

Jazz hummed for a long time as she examined the listing. "Hmmm…nah! Maybe next time."

Jazz started as Ruby clicked on the light. "Jazz? Are you still on your phone? It's almost time for bed."

Jazz blinked and glanced at the digital clock next to their bed. "Huh? Clock says it's only nine."

Ruby crossed her arms. "Nine o' clock, p.m.! Jazz, I think it's great that you want to support us, but you don't have to run yourself ragged looking for another job. We're living within our means...and you're already doing so much."

"It's fine, Rubes. Just looking for a good weekend side hustle. I need something to do on Saturdays, or I'll go crazy."

Ruby seated herself on the bed, letting her bedrobe droop low around her chest. "I have a few ideas for *someone* you could do tonight."

Jazz shrugged. "Nah, I tried Princess Stella already. She's booked."

Ruby rubbed her eyes. “Uh…never mind. Now that I think about it, I’m pretty bushed. Don’t stay up too late, okay?”

Jazz held up a thumb as she scrolled through job listings. “You got it, Rubes. If I wake you up, you have my permission to spank me.”

Ruby yawned as she curled under the blankets. “Maybe I’ll take you up on that offer another time.”

Jazz frowned as she thumbed past more poverty-wages jobs, before one caught her eye. “Pizzeria Security Guard. We pay double the competition.”

Jazz whined as she clicked to open the ad. “Probably another job babysitting snot-nosed kids.”

“Note: Do you hate kids? No worries! You will NOT be watching kids. This is an entry-level night shift position. Pays weekly, after only your first five nights. All you have to do is keep an eye on our expensive electronic equipment until morning and make sure no one steals it. Don’t worry. It’s entirely safe*. Asterisk.”

Jazz raised an eyebrow. “Woah. That’s pretty big money. Seems too good to be true. Well you know what they say! When something seems to good to be true, it probably…isn’t? Isn’t that what they say?”

Suddenly, a little shoulder-angel appeared on Jazz’s right shoulder. “No, Jazz! Don’t do it!”

Jazz blinked as she noticed the little angel. “Huh? Who are you?”

“I’m your shoulder angel, of course! I’m here to provide you with sound moral guidance! Listen, Jazz, more money isn’t the answer to all your problems! And besides, you know that every time you try one of these hair-brained get-rich-quick schemes, you only end up getting a spanking! On your bare bottom, even!”

Suddenly, a little shoulder devil appeared on Jazz’s left shoulder. “A bare-bottomed spanking? Don’t threaten me with a good time!

Jazz beamed as she spotted the shoulder devil. “Oh, hey Shoulder-Devil Jazz. What are you doing here, neighbor?”

Shoulder-Devil Jazz blinked. “Huh? I got a call for a…Jazz? Waitaminnit! This is Hell! What’re you doing here, Shoulder-Angel Jazz?”

Shoulder-Angel Jazz looked nervously at her clipboard. “What are you talking about? I got a call for a gal named…Jazz…on earth?”

Shoulder-Angel Jazz tugged nervously at her collar. “Oh, would you look at that? The Moral Guidance department must have gotten a little…misguided. Well, sorry for troubling you, Jazz. I’ll be going, right now!”

But Shoulder-Devil Jazz flew like a bat to snatch Shoulder-Angel Jazz by the wrist, before reaching around to lift up the Angel’s virginal white skirt. “Oh, no you don’t! You got me out of bed, for this? I’m going to spank you til you can’t sit down, even while floating on air!”

As the Shoulder-Devil pulled down the Shoulder-Angel’s modest underpants, the Shoulder-Angel tried to cover her now fully-exposed bare bottom. “Huh? But, you can’t spank me! I’m a good girl!”

The Shoulder-Devil pulled the Shoulder-Angel’s hands away and slapped the heavenly heinie. “Shut up! Good girls need spankings too. Now, hold your skirts up like a good girl, and come along.”

The Shoulder-Angel yelped, and quickly hoisted her skirts. “Eek! Okay, okay! I’ll do it!”

Then the Shoulder-Devil pinched the Shoulder-Angel by the ear and led her toward the door. “Sorry to bother you Jazz…Oh, you *are* gonna apply for that job, right? I mean, it’s good money, and you want to get that sexy underwear, don’t ya?”

Jazz snorted. “Well, duh. You bet I’m going for it!”

The Shoulder-Devil pumped a fist. “Sweet! That’s another win for me! Take that, Shoulder-Angel Jazz!”

The Shoulder-Angel trembled as she obediently held up her skirts. “But that doesn’t even make sense! I’m not even supposed to be–”

But the Shoulder-Devil shut the angel up with another swat across her behind. “Exactly! You’re not supposed to be here! So now, you’re going to get spanked all night long, before I send you back to your manager, with a strictly-worded letter pinned to the back of your dress. Now, march, little miss goodie-two-shoes!”

The Shoulder-Angel whooped as she felt another spank, before following meekly behind her captor. “Yeow! Yes! Yes, ma’am!”

The Shoulder-Devil smirked as she waved at Jazz, pointing to the Shoulder-Angel’s perfect little posterior. “Later, Jazz! I’ll try to spank her ass as quietly as possible.”

Jazz winked. “Later, Shoulder-Devil Jazz. You two, have fun!”

After the Shoulder-Devil led her captive out the door with a final spank, Jazz was left alone with her phone, and noticed a final message. “Please note: This position is for the night-shift only. 12:00 midnight–6:00 a.m. Taking applications immediately. See below for important safety information and legal disclaimers.”

Beneath the job listing was a top-rated comment, which said, “Don’t do it! You’ll get stuffed into one of the robots and impaled on sharp, moving parts!”

But Jazz missed the comment as she tapped the button to accept the job application. To her surprise, she was met with an immediate notice of acceptance, and cooed with delight as she read it. “Congratulations! We’re excited to work with you! Please report for your first shift in the Ring of Greed before 11:00 p.m. Don’t worry about the interview. We believe in learning on the job!”

Jazz blinked. “What, like, right now?”

A timer appeared under the job listing. “Hurry! We’re holding your spot open for you for the next: 1 hour, 47 minutes, and 58 seconds…”

As the timer started to count down, Jazz realized that this must be a limited, once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, just like the holiday outfits she’d missed her chance to buy. With a furtive glance at Ruby, who was snoozing, Jazz crept out the door.

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After a short ride on the Hellevator, Jazz arrived at the Ring of Greed and found the directions to the location in the nick of time. Looking at the photo of the pristine-looking Pizza joint on her phone, Jazz lowered it to find the exact same building in front of her, only now it was horridly run-down, with its windows boarded up. A fat shark-demon was waiting for her outside the establishment, lighting a cigarette. After taking a big puff, the shark blew a smoke ring in the air. “Are you Jazz da’ Succubus? From da’ advert for da’ job?"

Jazz coughed as the smoke ring flew into her face. "Kaff! Y-yes sir, I am?"

The shark nodded, stroking his fat chin. "Good to hear. The name's Ted. But you can call me Teddy. See? My name’s on da’ sign!”

Jazz glanced up. The wooden sign above had once been a handsome, hand-painted decoration, but it looked like it had half-rotted away over decades, while another chunk had been hastily hacked away with a chisel. Jazz guessed it once said something like “Freddy’s” something-something “Pizzeria,” but the “F” had been duct-taped to resemble a “T.”

Teddy held up his hands in wonder. “Welcome to Teddy’s Pizzeria. Now, come along, thunder thighs. I’ll show you around."

Jazz choked on dust as they entered the dimly-lit dining hall. Apart from a few banged-up arcade machines and checkered tables, the only other things in the room were stacks of rotting cardboard boxes. Jazz wrinkled her nose. “Jeez, this place looks like a dump."

Teddy waved his hands, his cigarette pinched firmly between his fingers. "It's a work in progress, sweetheart! Me and my boys…we're still progressing on working on it, see? But we should have her up and running in a couple of months or so."

“So, why do you need me? To watch a bunch of old junk?”

“Some of it is very delicate and expensive old junk…see that stage? We’ve got ourselves a star!”

Jazz peered into thick darkness as she finally noticed the stage at the far end of the dining room. “Huh? A stage? Like for a band? But who’s gonna–”

As Teddy turned on a metal lever with a thick clang, a stage light turned on, and Jazz found herself face to face with a giant figure with empty black eyes, dressed in ghostly white robes, baring its fangs at her. Jazz yelped and leapt into Teddy’s arms, Scooby-Doo style. “Eeek!”

Teddy bit his cigarette as he set Jazz down. “Ay! Easy, easy! It’s just the star of our show. Toy Chica. Here, let me pull off the awning so you can get a look at her.”

With a flourish, Teddy pulled off the white cloth, and revealed a bright yellow, animatronic figure. It took Jazz a few seconds to realize “Toy Chica” was supposed to be some sort of bird. “Huh? She’s like a rubber ducky?”

Teddy fumbled with an electric cord. “More like a military-grade industrial rubber chicken, actually! Now where’s this plug in?”

Jazz squinted as she approached the animatronic. “But where’s her beak? Her mouth looks like a gaping hole…with too many teeth.”

Teddy nodded as he examined the wall outlet. “Yeah, there’s a few missing pieces. I was hoping to buy ‘em used on M-bay, but they’re out of my price range. Chica here’s a rare collectible. You can look, but you can’t–”

Jazz smacked face first against Chica’s hard chest plate. Jazz howled and rubbed her nose. “Ow! I nearly poked my eye out…hang on, how come this chicken has such great, big…curves?”

“What, she’s a chicken, ain’t she? Ain’t you ever heard of chicken breasts? Or chicken thighs?”

Jazz rolled her eyes as she examined the toy more carefully. “But isn’t that a little inappropriate for a children’s toy? …Hang on, is she supposed to be wearing pink booty shorts? No way! That’s exactly what those are! I know sexy underwear when I see it…”

Jazz pinched the toy’s pink undergarments and slid them down to examine the toy’s perky yellow backside. “Hold on, they’re removable? …And what’s this?”

Jazz lifted the toy’s rubber baby bib, which was decorated with the words, “Let’s Party!”

“She has *tits* behind this thing? And why does she have nipples, too?”

In a fit of rage, Jazz grabbed the toy’s breasts and fondled them. Though the animatronic’s body was made of hard rubber, it had a surprising amount of give. “And why are they so soft and squishy?”

Teddy chuckled as he bent low to crawl on his knees, dragging the plug behind him. “Ay, you got tits, don’t ya? Are *you* too inappropriate to be around children? Now, where’d that outlet go? Ah, here it is!”

Jazz jabbed a thumb into each of her own massive boobs. “Hey, sometimes I forget not to swear, but I passed a thorough background check to work as a professional babysitter. And I respect all body types! I just figured a toy chicken would be…I dunno, fluffier?”

As Teddy jammed the plug into the exposed outlet, the lights flickered, and Jazz tensed as she heard something rattle. As Jazz peeked behind her, she noticed that Toy Chica must have flopped forward a few inches. It was almost as if it had been creeping up behind her.

Teddy clapped his hands as she stood up, holding his back. “There we go! Now her battery will start charging. All that’s left is to–”

He turned to find Jazz intently stroking her hands up and down Toy Chica’s body. Jazz frowned, but didn’t stop fondling the toy. Teddy sniggered at the sight, before he suddenly snapped back to reality, and snapped his sharp teeth. “All right, all right, enough with that. You break it, you buy it…And that thing is worth more than your life."

Jazz froze, then quickly let go of the toy, laughing nervously “Hehe! Sorry, got a little carried away. So where did this robot come from?"

Teddy shrugged. “It’s a long story. Guy on earth opens a kids’ pizza joint, pledges his soul to Satan, murders a bunch of kids, badabing badaboom, everything gets dragged into the fiery trash heap of Hell, yada yada, then Asmodeus buys it up, and gets the idea to make Toy Chica here into something a bit more…fun. You can see his trademark on her ass!”

Jazz frowned as she yanked down Toy Chica's undergarments, and discovered a tramp stamp. "Oh! So Ozzy's just going to use her as a sort of…exotic dancer robot? I refuse to believe it! Ozzy would never shove X-rated stuff into the faces of darling, innocent children!"

Teddy waved his hands. "Eh! Don't worry, that's exactly what he said to me. But this is the Ring of Greed, and we gotta pay the bills to keep the lights on."

At that exact moment, the lights went out. As Teddy cursed, the lights flickered back to life. Jazz failed to notice that Toy Chica had somehow gotten redressed in the brief instant of darkness.

Teddy fiddled with the light switch, before slamming his fist against it. The switch cover sagged, and dropped to the floor, revealing more exposed wires. "See, that's where I come in. I figure we let the kids play here during the day, with the rated-e-for-everyone robots, and the adults get to party here all night, with the rated-m-for-mature robots."

"Hmm, don't know how I feel about having a robot who's able to do my job.

Teddy shrugged. "Ey, the robot can't watch herself, can she? That's your job!"

Jazz tapped her fist against her palm. "Ooh! You're right! Gee, I wonder if Ozzy can make me one? …Wait, you said there are other robots? Where are they?"

Teddy groaned. "Well, our shipment was kind of…hijacked a couple of weeks ago. Only Chica arrived here."

Teddy turned, muttering to himself. "When I find that guy, he's going to be sleeping with the fishes."

Jazz smiled sweetly. "Sleeping with who?"

Teddy almost choked. "Oh, nothing, doll-face! Em, look, the job is simple. You just keep an eye on her and the office all night. You're more than welcome to play the arcade games…until your shift starts. You can even grab some pizza in the kitchen. Just don't let her out of your sight, and keep any…future guests outta here."

Jazz nodded so wildly, the bells on her jester hat jingled. "Okay that seems pretty easy–kind of? But aren't you going a little overboard to watch over one robot?"

Teddy jabbed his cigarette toward Jazz. "Look, you want the job or not?"

Without losing her smile, Jazz snatched the cigarette out of Ted's hand, then slowly pressed it out against a metal sign that said, "No Smoking in This Establishment."

Jazz grinned. "Oh, yes please!"

Teddy cleared his throat, then adjusted his suit. "Good, that's what I thought. Now come along, let me show you the office…and I'll get you your uniform."

As they left, Toy Chica's eyes slowly followed behind them.

Teddy dug a blue-violet security uniform out of a musty box, complete with a name tag for a "Mike Schmidt."

Teddy choked on the rising dust. "Okay, I think this one'll fit. You can change in the–"

Instantly, Jazz dropped her pants and pulled off her shirt, before getting dressed in the uniform. Teddy watched in awe, before Jazz plopped her jester hat back on her head. "The hat stays. I'd feel naked without it."

Teddy nodded. "I think we can make a small exception to the usual dress code. Now that I've shown you around, I think you're good to start."

Jazz raised her hand. "I have a question Teddy. When I was having fun with Chica, I noticed something. If she's a chicken…why does she have sharp canine teeth?"

"Oh, that? You probably just caught a glimpse of the inner workings of animatronics. Very intricate stuff. And, um…now that I think about it, you're actually not gonna want to wear that funny hat of yours."

Jazz put her hands on her hips, the bells jingling. "What? But you just said you could make an exception for me!"

"Well, I did say that, but ya see, miss…the bells. They just make too much noise."

"So what? It's just me here. It doesn't bother me."

"Yeah, but—these animatronics—they can be a bit…twitchy, see? Trust me, miss, you ain't gonna want to make much noise around Chica."

Jazz puffed her cheeks, and crossed her arms. "Oh, and what happens if I don't? Am I gonna get a spanking?"

"...That is a distinct possibility."

Jazz's eyes went wide. "Oh, really? Dang. Okay, in that case, I'll change hats. But that means my Jester hat has to go in a safe box, with the words, 'My most prized possession' on it. Shoot, you didn't need me to start tonight, did you? I gotta get my Jester hat home, where it will be safe."

There was a metallic clang from the exposed pipes above them, and a soft groaning from behind the walls. Teddy wiped sweat from his brow. “What, tonight? Oh, fuck no. Tonight’s just your orientation. I still got a cleaning crew coming…to, uh, clean up the office for ya? We’ll be at it all night. I was just hoping you’d stick around until–”

Jazz stiffened as she heard her phone buzz, and read the incoming text. “Aw, shoot. My girl friend woke up, and noticed I’m missing. She’ll be worried sick. Gotta go, Teddy. I'll be back tomorrow night!”

Teddy’s eyes bulged as he grabbed Jazz by her elbow. “No! Don’t leave me! Please!”

Jazz narrowed her eyes. “It’s just an empty pizza joint. What are you so afraid of?”

There was a flash of headlights as a car arrived outside the front door. As the lights stretched across the room, Toy Chica’s face briefly appeared behind them, only to disappear back into darkness.

Then the lights turned on as the cleaning crew arrived. Teddy gasped. “Oh, thank God. I’m not stuck here...alone.”

Teddy fished in one of the boxes, and yanked out an ancient video home system tape with a piece of yellowing tape labeling it as “Staff Safety Training - 1987.” “Oh, yeah, watch the VHS tape for your orientation…and pay close attention to the safety instructions. Don’t forget your uniform, or your key to get in. See ya later, hot stuff.”

Jazz nodded as she stuffed the tape down the front of her shirt, and marched off, still wearing her security uniform. “I won’t! Thanks, fat stuff!”

Teddy waved goodbye, before stroking his chin. “Good luck tomorrow night, kid…oh, chum! I forgot to tell her the animatronic might murder her. Ah, well. Hopefully, she does better than the last guy."

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The next morning, Ruby squinted as she poured her coffee. “I can't believe you got *another* job. In the Ring of Greed no less. Those guys are all snake-oil salesmen, Ruby."

Jazz poked her head out of the bathroom, wrapped in two towels. “Ruby, we've been over this. It was an urgent job opportunity."

“First, I woke up and you were gone without a trace! Now you’re telling me you’re going to be gone all night, for five nights? Is that your idea of being responsible?”

“I checked in as soon as you texted me, and I didn’t dawdle coming home. I’m sorry I left without leaving a note, but I didn’t want to wake you…and you agreed to stop treating me like a kid, remember?”

Ruby flinched as she held her bottom, remembering her last painful conversation with their friend, Mrs. Lin, on that exact subject. Ruby sat gingerly at the table. “I understand that you are not a child, and I'm sorry if I sound bossy. I just get so worried about you."

Jazz emerged from the bathroom wearing her full night guard uniform, and set her jester hat on a hanger labeled “My Most Cherished Possession.” “Don't worry, Ruby, I'll be fine. I’m only looking after an inanimate robotic object. Nothing to worry about. Now…”

Carefully, Jazz sat down on Ruby's lap. “...how do I look?"

Ruby smiled lovingly. "Well, I guess it sounds corny, but…I do love a girl in uniform."

After a few minutes of love-making, Jazz pulled back from a final kiss, her shirt unbuttoned, and glanced at the clock. “Hmm, I’d better get some sleep before I start my night shift. I was up all night thinking about it, so I’m already half-way to fixing my sleep schedule!”

But just as Jazz stood up, Ruby grabbed her wrist and tugged her across her lap. “Hold on…before you go to bed, I think I need to give you a good spanking!"

Ruby began to slap Jazz’s booty playfully, watching it bounce and jiggle with each slap, even despite Jazz’s work pants. Luckily for Jazz, the spanking didn't hurt. “Hey! I thought we agreed I’m not a kid who still needs to be punished!”

Ruby smirked as she raised her hand high. “This isn’t a punishment spanking. It’s just a little good-luck spanking.”

Jazz giggled. “Oh? Well, in that case, do carry on!”

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The sun was just starting to set when Jazz finally awoke. Jazz smacked her lips, before remembering she was supposed to watch a VHS tape as homework. Jazz scooped it up. “Ruby! Where’s our VHS tape player?”

Ruby blinked. “...What’s a VHS?”

Jazz scowled as she pulled the tape out of its box, and found a hand written note. “Oooh! A cheat sheet? This is perfect! Someone in the past must be rooting for me. I’ll just read this on the way to work.”

After giving Ruby a final kiss goodbye, Jazz made the commute to the Ring of Greed. The hand-written note was a series of instructions. “1. DO NOT leave the office until your shift officially closes. 2. Always keep an eye on the security camera. 3. DO NOT overuse your flashlight battery. 4. If all else fails, keep quiet, stay still, and pray to whatever God you believe in.”

Ruby flipped the cheat sheet to the other side, found words scrawled in chicken scratch. “We cannot get out! We cannot get out! They are coming!”

Ruby stroked her chin. “Hmm, sounds like they were a lot more strict with employees back in the 1980s.”

After arriving at Teddy’s Pizzeria, Jazz only found a note from Teddy left for her at the door. “Don’t forget to follow all the steps outlined on your employee training video tape. –Teddy”

Jazz groaned as she opened up the door. “Well, I’m sure I’ll figure it out.” As Jazz flicked on the lights, she spotted Toy Chica sitting on stage. Jazz chuckled. “Right where we left her!”

Then Jazz blinked. “Hang on, that’s not right where we left her. She was standing up last time. Huh. I guess even toy chickens need a break to sit down.”

Jazz poked her head in the kitchen, and found a pizza box full of green mold in the exact shape of a pizza. With a sigh, Jazz made her way to the office. It had a swivel chair, and a series of computer screens. Jazz wiped a bead of sweat from her brow. “Phew! This outfit’s toasty. Well, at least there’s a working fan.”

Jazz checked her watch. “And…midnight. Time to clock in and lock in. First step, do not leave the office…but what do I do if someone tries to steal Toy Chica?”

Jazz glanced at the TV screen, and noticed Toy Chica’s face was looking right at her…almost as if it was aware it was being watched.

Jazz made finger guns at the TV. “Don’t worry, mi chica! I’ll make sure no one kidnaps you!”

Static flickered across the TV, but Chica remained perfectly stationary, little white lights glinting from within its empty eye sockets.

Jazz pressed her index fingers together as she leaned in close to the television screen. “...yup! All I gotta do is…keep looking at it.”

After what felt like an hour, Jazz glanced at her phone, and discovered only ten minutes had passed. Finally, she decided to take a selfie with the TV in the background and text it to Ruby. “Rubes! Are you awake? Check it! I’m on guard duty! ‘Halt! Who goes there?’”

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As Ruby's phone buzzed, she started out of her fitful sleep and checked it. Ruby snorted, and replied with a laughing emoji. "Jazz…do your job you goof!"

Ruby stared at the photo, and zoomed in to enlarge the TV screen behind Jazz. She noticed a vacant-looking, toy-like face, pressed close against the camera, almost as if it was trying to push through the screen to reach Jazz. Ruby swallowed a lump in her throat. "Huh. That must be the expensive toy thing…bit creepy-looking for a kid's character if you ask me."

…

After scrolling aimlessly on her phone for a few minutes, Jazz nodded off, her head lolling from side to side as she slowly spun in her office chair.

As the TV dissolved into static, Chica vanished from her spot onstage. Then there was a soft, metallic clanging coming from the pipes above jazz, like a heartbeat.

Jazz mumbled in her sleep. "No…don't eat me…."

As her head flopped forward, Jazz started awake. "Woah! Shoot, I must have fallen asleep on my watch. That'd definitely get me a whupping back in ye olden days…But I wonder how they made watches big enough for people to sleep on, way back when?"

Jazz glanced at Chica on the screen, and found her standing on stage, right where she was supposed to be. Then Jazz checked the time on her phone. "Four a.m.? Shoot, my shift's almost over already…Well, maybe it's a good thing. I can be more alert now."

Jazz flicked her finger against the side of her head. "Duh! I'll just play the arcade games. Then I'll be right there in the same room as Chica! No one will possibly be able to steal her without me noticing!"

As Jazz fumbled with her flash light, she flicked it on, and found herself face to face with Toy Chica, who towered over her, her feathered fingers pointing like ten sharp, yellow knives aimed at Jazz's face. Jazz giggled. "Hey! You're supposed to be on stage, Chica! Move your tail feathers!"

Slowly, Jazz spun the frozen statue around, and slapped its plump rump. Then Jazz slapped her own forehead. "Dur hur! She can't move. She's only an animatronic…wait, Chica, how's being an animatronic any different than being a robot? Oh, doi! You can't answer! You're only an animatronic! Ah well, I'll just haul you back to the stage, you naughty chicken!"

Using the fireman's carry, Jazz hoisted the massive pile of metal and rubber over her shoulder, and hauled it back to the stage in the dining room. With a final heave, Jazz set the giant chicken

back on the stage and waved a finger. “Ooh! You really gotta lay off the cupcakes, sister. Or eat as many as you like. You do you. Just don’t expect me to haul your fat ass around.”

Jazz spun to face the arcade machines, and cracked her fingers. “Let’s see, I haven’t played any of these since I was a teenager. *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles: The Arcade Game* is always a classic. But that one’s more fun with someone to play with…Hmm, someone fun to play with? That’s it! No one is here, so no one can stop me from fondling Chica’s goods!”

Jazz rubbed her hands together. "Oh boy, oh boy! I can't wait to grab me some nice chicken breasts, and some juicy robo ass. I gotta get a video of me patting down the chicken to send to Ruby! It’ll kill her!”

Jazz pulled out her phone to record herself, and affected her goofiest Saturday morning cartoon villainess voice. “Mwah, ha ha! All right, little Miss Chica! You’ve been a naughty chicken, so now it’s time for you to get a spanking, right on your saucy…drum sticks?”

But as Jazz rounded to face the stage, it was entirely barren. Toy Chica was nowhere in sight.

Jazz dropped her phone. "W-what the where is she?"

Jazz flicked the nearest light switch, but with a buzz and a snap, all the lights died completely.

Jazz scrambled to turn on her flashlight in the pitch darkness. “Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap! I'm in big trouble! Where is she? I have to find her before–"

Then Jazz heard a loud thump behind her. As the sounds drew nearer, Jazz recognized it as heavy, ponderous footsteps. Jazz clicked on the flashlight and spun around "H-hello? Is anyone there? Teddy, is that you?"

Jazz saw crinkled children’s drawings on the walls, obscene graffiti scratched on the back of the arcade cabinets, but nothing else. “Hey! Hey, whoever you are, you're not allowed to be here…as soon as I find my phone, I’m calling the police. You know what they say: when every second counts, they’ll arrive within minutes!”

Then Jazz’s foot slipped on her dropped phone, and she flopped down head over heels. Jazz squealed, before scooping up her phone and the flashlight, barking as she crouched into a low fighting stance. “I’m warning you! I’m a trained security guard! So you’d better back off!”

But as Jazz backed up, she rammed against something behind her. Two huge hands snatched Jazz by the shoulder, and as Jazz screamed, she saw two horrible, empty eyes, and a gaping maw split wide, lunging toward her face.

Then, there was a dense thunk, and the spot light turned on above the stage. Toy Chica had Jazz in its rubber-feathered clutches. The animatronic chicken jerked, its voice wheezing and

clucking with laughter. Then a young woman’s voice played over what sounded like a crusty tape-recorder. “Oh dear, a trespasser. You broke the rules!"

Jazz strained against the animatronic’s grip. "W-what? I'm not a–"

Then Chica lifted Jazz into the air as easily as if Jazz was only a child. Jazz kicked her feet. "Ay! Back off! I'm no trespasser! I’m the night guard!"

Toy Chica twisted her head at a bizarre angle, the metal spikes in her mouth clicking. "Ooooh! A night guard lady? Haven't seen one of those in a while. Let's see if you can last longer than the last guy!"

Jazz stiffened as the animatronic pulled her in closer to its face. "Oh, fuck this! I'm out of here!”

Then Jazz swung her foot wildly, landing a perfect front kick under the robot chicken’s smooth jaw. Jazz twisted and broke free, landing hard on her rump, before twisting and leaping off the stage. Jazz performed the ancient Joestar Family Running Away Technique and sprinted toward the exit. “Oh, thank Satan, the exit! I just need to–”

But Jazz slammed face first against the exit, bounced back, then strained with all her might to push it open, throwing her shoulder against it. “No! It’s locked! Open you stupid, stupid door!”

Then Jazz stumbled back, and it pulled open. Jazz chuckled and pointed at the handle. “Heh! Would you look at that? They put a push handle on a pull door. What kinda idiot would–”

As Jazz turned to look behind her, she saw Toy Chica flying through the air, jumping right at her face. Jazz fainted. Fortunately, a stack of cardboard boxes partially broke her fall, but she still bumped the back of her head against the floor.

Jazz felt the world spinning around her, before she heard a teenage girls’ voice echoing from inside Toy Chica’s chest. “Ha, ha! I win the game! Now let's go somewhere more private for our next game."

Jazz moaned as she felt herself being held like a baby. "Mmm, no no nooooo…."

Jazz blacked out. She awoke a moment later and found herself in a claustrophobic room, lined with screws, tools, and a long line of strange metal objects. “Oooow…my aching head! Where am I?"

Toy Chica leaned over Jazz’s face, and the little girl’s voice clicked and crackled from deep within the black hole that was its mouth "You're in the parts and service room, silly!"

Jazz’s eyes darted to the collection of sharp and pointy objects hanging on the walls. "W-what do you want? What are you doing to me?"

Toy Chica's child-like laughter was interrupted by a snarling sound, like when an audio tape catches and unwinds. "Oh–hooo–you've been a bad girl. So now, you must be punished. But sadly, the suits are not here. So I'll have to find another suitable punishment."

Jazz clenched her teeth. "S-suits? What do you mean suits?"

Toy Chica stared vacantly at the ceiling. "The suits the man gave us."

Then, the light in Toy Chica's empty eyes seemed to flicker toward Jazz. "Wait, I remember you. You're the demon-lady who was spanking me."

As Jazz gulped, she pictured her own face as the "0///0" emoticon in her mind's eye. "Umm…oh crud…"

Toy Chica waved her finger in Jazz's face. "Naughty, naughty! That was very rude of you, putting your hands on me without permission. Well, luckily for you, I do have another punishment in mind."

Jazz felt her stomach turn. She had a feeling what was in store for her. But she could always hold out hope. "You want me to write lines?"

Toy Chica grabbed Jazz's arm and tugged her up. As Chica sat down on the metal table, she pulled Jazz over her lap. "No, you're getting a *good*, *hard* spanking, of course!"

Jazz's face went red from embarrassment. "Whoa, whoa!"

Trying to cover her ass, Jazz twisted to face Chica. "Can we talk about this? I'd hate for you to have to go through all the trouble of spanking me. I'm so sorry for squeezing your juicy breasts and booty–that was rather rude of me–by the way, you have a very nice body, and your ass and tits feel real as can be–but in my defense, I was under the mistaken impression that you were a soulless, inanimate object. But I now realize the error of my ways! Won't you accept my apology, so we put this whole thing behind us?"

Toy Chica rubbed jazz's booty, enjoying the feeling of it. "Apology accepted. Now we can finally put this whole thing behind us. And speaking of behinds…"

With one clean yank, Toy Chica tugged down jazz's pants, revealing purple panties decorated with a cupcake. Toy Chica clucked at the sight, her electronic voice crackling. "Awk! Ah, oh my! Quite a big booty you have, Miss night guard!"

Feeling strangely childish, Jazz's lip started to quiver. She had expected Chica's lap to be ice cold, given that she was a robot. But for some odd reason, it felt soft, and slightly warm. Jazz forced a grin. "Ah, thanks! My name is actually Jazz, and–"

Then Toy Chica grabbed the waistband of Jazz's underwear, and tugged upward with an awkward jerk of her arm.

Jazz hissed. "Aah! Ow!"

At first, it felt like a wedgie, but she slowly felt her buttocks slip free of her undergarments as she flopped forward, back onto Chica's lap. "No-no-no, please please!"

Then, with a little bounce, Chica yanked the underwear all the way down to Jazz's ankles. As Jazz legs plopped back down, she was left bare-bottomed, and bottoms up, across the animatronic's lap.

Toy Chica delivered a single sharp smack to Jazz's exposed ass, before pausing to play with it, alternating between squeezing a buttock curiously, before rubbing it gently. Chica nodded. "I remember something…after I came here…Mr. Asmodeus found me, and reprogrammed me to do a new job…I like my new job better."

Chica let go of her hold on Jazz's buttocks, watching them bounce and jiggle back into place. Then Chica switched to using both hands, spreading Jazz's cheeks as she delivered a deep massage.

With an effort, Jazz resisted the urge to moan. The massage was a bit rough, but in a pleasant way. "Ah! Mmm..please, don't stop!"

Instantly, Toy Chica stopped the massage. "Well, that was pretty fun. I will try that more with you tomorrow. But for now, it's spanking time!"

Jazz's eyes popped open. "Wait, tomorrow? What do you mean–"

A sharp, resounding clap cut her off, and Jazz winced as she felt something hard and smooth flattening her entire buttocks. Thanks to her extensive years of experience being spanked, Jazz noticed it felt exactly like a ping-pong paddle, and realized that Chica's huge, wing-like hands must have been covered with the same, hard rubber material.

As Chica lifted her hand, she left a wide, red mark that already covered most of Jazz's bottom. Jazz gasped and lifted herself up, covering her bottom with one hand while she twisted to block Chica's arm with her other hand. "Ah! What the hell are you doing? Are you nuts?"

Toy Chica cocked her head, looking like a cross between the world's most horrifying and most adorable puppy. "What do you mean? I'm just spanking you."

Jazz nodded, then patted her own bottom. "Of course. But you're going to break my hip if you keep doing that. Don't forget, you are a great, huge robot. You're a lot stronger than me!"

Toy Chica nodded, her eyes flickering. "Oh, dear. I'm so sorry. I completely forgot."

Then Chica rested her other hand against Jazz's back to force her back down into spanking position. Chica raised her dominant hand high. "Here, let's try using 75 percent output. Just tell me if this is soft enough."

Chica delivered another smack with enough force to send deep shockwaves through Jazz's glutes, and leave a rising welt. Jazz cried. "Aah! Still way too hard!"

Chica chirped as she examined her own hand. "50 percent?"

After Chica delivered another slap, Jazz grit her teeth. "Still too hard!"

This time, Chica didn't pause, and delivered the next swat. Then Chica waited for Jazz to finish howling, before her robotic voice box crackled to life. "That was 25 percent. Is that suitable for a spanking for a naughty girl?"

Jazz hissed. "Ah, okay, okay! That last one still hurt like hell, but honestly, that's what you're gonna need for this spanking to have any effect on me. But don't ever use that setting on anyone else. Like, use ten percent tops on trespassers. And *never* use that on kids…or like, use maybe one percent if it's the brattiest, bullying sort of kid you've ever met."

Chica's head buzzed like an antique floppy disc saving data. "I understand. And I will use 25 percent of my strength to punish you, only."

Jazz nodded, smiling smugly. "That's right. Because I'm a hard ass. So nothing less than a hard spanking will–"

As Chica interrupted Jazz with another spank, Jazz's last word trailed off to a long wail. "Doo-hooooooo!"

Chica began to spank at a precise tempo, keeping her eyes fixed on her target. Jazz kicked her legs, slapping the palms of her hands against the cold metal of the table. "Ow, OUCH!! Owowow…"

Chica hummed. "Mmmm, I'm glad I beat you in hide and seek. And then again in tag. But I think this might be my favorite new game. From now on, we'll play house. I'll play the Mommy, and you'll play the bad little girl, who gets lots and lots of spankings. But now, you're finally going to learn to be a good girl, for your new Mommy."

Jazz shut her eyes tight, seething through clenched teeth. "Aaash! Please, stop! I'm begging you…Owie! Owie!! *Owie!!!* Aaaahh-haaa!"

Jazz felt tears building up, and concentrated on holding them back.

Chica noticed Jazz's budding tears, and smiled wickedly. "Naughty, naughty, Miss Security Guard. You should have followed the rules! Now, who's been a bad girl?"

Then Chica began to spank in earnest, harder and harder, then faster and faster.

Finally Jazz felt her tears spilling down her cheeks. "Oh! Owah! Aaahhhhrgh! Fuck! That smarts!"

Jazz bucked her hips up and down, writhing to break free of Chica's grip.

But Chica only held Jazz down firmly with one hand, before patting her victim's backside with her spanking hand. "No, this spanking is not over until I see fit. I'll ask you again: who has been a bad little girl?"

Chica squeezed Jazz's buttock for emphasis.

Jazz whimpered. "Aaah… It's me…Me…I'm the naughty girl."

Chica patted Jazz's butt playfully. "See? That wasn't too hard. Now, let's finish this party with a bang...at 30 percent power."

As Jazz felt the next thundering smack, time seemed to freeze, before the whole Pizzeria seemed to shudder and quake from the echoing sounds of the spanking.

Jazz sobbed freely as she threw back her head to wail. "Chica, please! I'm sorry–*really* sorry! Pease, my booty is on fire! Make it stop!"

Chica crowed with laughter. "Bwak! Nope, not happening. You are all mine now! And I'm going to enjoy every last minute of this…"

As Chica's hand hovered high in the air above Jazz's bottom, Jazz melted into fresh tears, and lifted her bottom high in the air, readying herself to accept her inevitable fate. "I've been a bad girl…and I deserve this spanking…."

But before Chica could deliver another spank, they heard an alarm clock buzz, before playing a song to announce the hour.

Chica sighed. "Aw, man? Six a.m. already? And right when I was just getting warmed up. Okay, Miss Jazz, you can get off my lap."

Jazz hopped off the animatronic's lap, clutching her behind, then jumped in place, her breasts bouncing with each motion. "Oooooh….My booty, I can't feel my booty!"

Chica bent low to examine the results of her work. “Really? Sorry, I must not have spanked it hard enough. I’ll do better next time. But I better get back on stage. Goodbye, miss security guard. Hope to see you again tonight, for round two." Somehow, Chica winked. Now that it was morning again, Chica strangely seemed much more like a children’s cartoon character rather than a horrifying abomination.

Thanks to the lingering soreness, it took Jazz a few minutes to carefully pull her underwear and pants back up.

Jazz clutched her buttocks, trying to keep it from moving too much as she shuffled toward the exit. “Fuck, fuck, fuck! This is the worst spanking of my entire life! That was worse than the one I got from Stella, or Lin, or Martha! …Maybe even worse than the one I got from Carmilla Carmine. Chica’s definitely got the hardest hands in Hell, though. I gotta get out of here…"

As soon as she stepped outside, she found Teddy waiting for her at the entrance. Teddy did a double take, before mumbling to himself, before doing a triple take. “...Oh, shit? She’s alive? Perfect! That’s so much less paper work…Uh, hey kiddo! How was your first night?”

Jazz’s chest heaved as she took a long, deep breath. "It was the worst first night ever in the history of fist nights. I'm sorry, Teddy. I'm afraid I can’t cut it for this job.”

Teddy craned his neck. “Whaddaya talking about? Chica’s still here, ain’t she? You did exactly what I hired you to do.”

“That’s not the issue. I just can’t handle the stress of being a night-shift security guard. You can keep your paycheck.”

Teddy quickly pulled a checkbook out of his suit’s inside-pocket and hurriedly sighed a check. “Wait! What if I pay you per day, rather than on a weekly basis?”

Jazz rolled her eyes. “That’s not the point! It’s a matter of principle."

Then she noticed the number on the check, and she snatched it out of Teddy’s hands. “Eight hundred dollars, just for one night?"

Teddy revealed every single one of his shark teeth in a single smile. “That’s supply and demand! That’s the beauty of capitalism, sweet heart! I’ve got the demand, and you’ve got the…uh…”

Teddy glanced at Jazz’s ass, which was literally radiating red and yellow cartoon stars. “...the supply. And there’s more demand I can supply you with to meet your demands for your supplies! But if you want to quit, I can’t stop ya!”

Jazz tucked the check down her front pocket, shaking her head. "Nononono. I'll take the job.”

“See? That’s what I like to hear, kid. Just be back here, same time tomorrow. You sure you can handle another night?"

“Oh yeah! I can work all you want…at least…for this week. After that, it’ll have to be more freelance. My first commitment is to the House of Asmodeus."

Teddy licked his teeth. “So I’ve got ya for five nights, huh?”

Jazz glanced back at her backside, and rubbed it gingerly. "Five nights at Teddy’s. Hoo, boy! This is going to be a long week."

Jazz had a sneaking suspicion that Toy Chica would be very happy to see her tonight.

End of Part One!
To Be Continued?